

VINCENT ASTOR TAKES SENATORS ON YACHTING TRIP

One Statesman From Washington Gets a Wetting on the Wind-Tossed Hudson.

ALL GO TO WEST POINT.

Will Be Guests of the Young Millionaire To-Morrow at Ferncliff.

Braced on the swaying float, with the bristling spray of the wind-swept Hudson blowing at his substantial tan Oxford, Vincent Astor to-day superintended the embarkation from short to launch and from launch to the yacht *Soma* of his silk-hatted Senator, five of them from the sunny South. There were other members of the party, but the interest centered about the Senate Committee on Military Affairs, who had been invited by the world's richest young bachelor to make their annual pilgrimage to West Point by way of his big steam yacht.

To be exact, there were only five Senators in all, but the sixth being Senator Vanderman of Mississippi, who called the roaring northwester in his favorite Mississippi yachting costume—a Daniel Webster frock coat, flat collar and narrow white tie and huge black sombrero. The wind tugged joyously at the Senator's big hat and when he removed it for safety's sake as well as to better disclose his lineaments for the newspaper photographers the breeze trembled and whistled merrily through the fiery Mississippi's justly celebrated back hair.

VICE-PRESIDENT KEPT AWAY BY WIFE'S ENGAGEMENT.

Vice-President Marshall was expected, but at the last minute a telegram came from Washington informing the committee that Mrs. Marshall was unknown to the Vice-President—made another important engagement for him to-day in the national capital. Six representatives were also expected to accompany the Senatorial committee, but in some way they missed their train in Washington.

Those who braved the wind-swept waters of the Hudson in addition to Senator Vanderman were: Senators Johnson of Alabama, Overman of North Carolina, Brady of Idaho, Fletcher of Florida and Brumard of Louisiana; Major James O. Woodward of Albany, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Leach of Washington, Mr. Johnston, Mrs. E. M. House, Col. John W. Clifton, U. S. of Washington; Capt. W. A. P. Davis of Philadelphia and Frederick H. Allen.

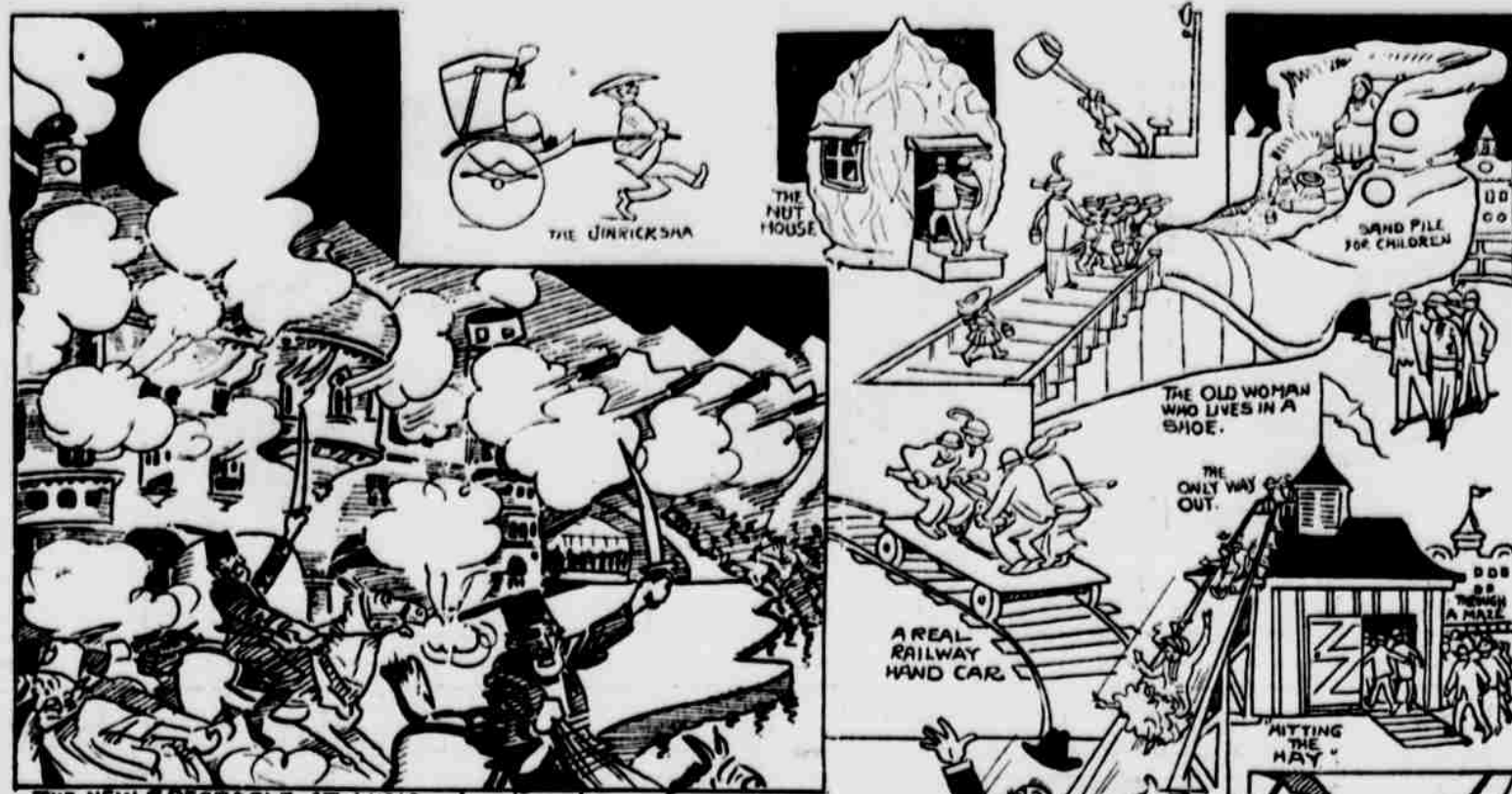
It was ticklish work getting the party aboard the launch without a wetting. The river white caps ran high and sprays of spongy spray and solid water shot up between the launch and the boat like small geysers. One by one the silk-hatted statesmen leaped more or less nimbly into the launch. All dodged the geysers successfully except Senator Overman, whose portly form was liberally splattered.

WHY YOUNG MILLIONAIRE GAVE USE OF HIS YACHT.

The invitation to make use of the *Soma* was extended by Vincent Astor through Mr. Allen, who gave the committee a dinner at the Manhattan Club last night. The committee's secretary had written that its members would like to go to West Point by water instead of rail as was customary, and when Mr. Astor, who was a guest at the dinner, heard about this desire he extended his invitation to make a yachting party out of the affair.

The party went direct to West Point, where the committee was to spend to-day and to-morrow, making its annual investigation. Senator Johnston said one of the most important things to be considered by the committee was a substantial increase in the number of cadets. It was said that all the committee members were in favor of increasing the cadet corps, which, in view of the

Coney Island With Its 1913 Novelties To Amuse the Never Growups of Gotham



World Famous Resort Will Be Opened This Year With a Carnival, Floral Parade, Cabaret, Cake-walk and Other Doings Beginning on Thursday, May 15, and Ending on the Saturday Following.

CONEY ISLAND will open with a carnival this year instead of closing with one. On next Thursday, May 15, New York dons her straw lid. On that day they lift the lid from Coney. The first official joyous whoop goes up and they turn loose the looney things in Luna Park. At 8 o'clock P. M. they start the floral parade along Surf avenue. On Friday night they have a carnival cake-walk and cabaret. For Saturday afternoon an automobile floral parade is scheduled.

A big crowd is expected at Coney to-night and with the weather fine the mob of to-morrow will be something fierce. Luna Park has lots of new and crazy offerings. Its one best bet is the new theatre in the northwest corner of the inclosure. There, nestling among the fountains, which melt into the perspective of mountains of papier mache, is a Turkish city, with its picturesque houses, its temples and towers, its minarets and mosques. From battle-mementoes guns bristle. What? You've got it! The Siege of Adrianople. Right. The amphitheatre is bigger than the Hippodrome, and the mighty mountains, with electric light arrangements, will seem miles away, with Coney Island Creek washing their feet on the other side.

With myriads of lights turning blackest night into brightest day, or making brightest day the most glittering night, a great fête opens the ball. The enemy has withdrawn from Adrianople. The siege is over, or they think it is in the beautiful city. The frowning guns still brown above the Turkish town, but they are silent—ah! Turks!

Japanese land fill discussion was regarded as highly insignificant. Pressed for a statement of some sort Senator Vanderman took a look at the white caps that were tossing the waiting launch around like a cork. "After observing the size of those waves," he said, "I am heartily in favor of a larger day!" The Senatorial party will spend the night at West Point and to-morrow will visit the Astor farm at Ferncliff. It was expected that the committee would go to Albany Monday morning to call on Gov. Sulzer, but this plan was not definitely settled.

stalk abroad in their dirt-picturesque costumes. There are flower girls and dancing girls in radiant raiment, and some in not much raiment, for 'tis the good old summer time.

WILL BURN UP ADRIANOPLE EVERY HOUR.

By the banks of a river they stroll, and while loving couples make love, and dancing girls trip the light fantastic, and vendors of wares vend to the vandees, and music adds its charm to the city of color, bang! bang! bang! The frowning guns have broken their silence. The enemy is here! Everything is changed. There is no more dancing. The walking lovers do marathons. Into the houses they crowd, men shouting, women shrieking. The canvas foothills shake with the thunder of war. The guns spit fire and shout thunder. They set fire to the town. Down the mountain slopes gallop horses carrying shooting, shouting soldiers. Into the river they plunge, and swim to the other side. Towers fall, and the men dive from them into a pool, bowing from the river. From the windows of the houses roll great sheets of flame, the floors can be seen falling within, leaving charred and blackened walls. Women can be seen inside the houses, penned in by the cruel flames. Heroic rescues take place, amid shrieks and cheers in which the enemy join. Saved! Saved! Saved! What more can you ask for your money?

They burn up Adrianople every hour. In the big auditorium they have fitted up a big tank. Eighteen shapely, svelte and sinuous beautiful girls will be diving stunts in the tank in one-piece bathing suits. Come home, Hiram. This is no place for you. In the open they will have the circus again, free circus, where there will be something doing all the time instead of at intervals as heretofore.

Yes, girls, the red mill is still going. Yes, you can do the old stunt, go through the dark passages in the little rowboats, and after the first trip Jimmy can buy the boat for another trip all by yourselves. Ta, hee! What? Oh, yes, the cold mine with the donkey carts is still in the running, or rather the walking. Gee! Remember last year how traffic got blocked and then had to go away, far away, into the dark to find that little Willie had held the donkey up? Remember?

THE CYCLONE AT OMAHA AND FLOOD AT DAYTON.

"Tornado and Flood" shows the cyclone of Omaha and the floods of Dayton. Then there's the Bridge of Laughs, where you get that funny feeling. There's the maze, equipped with mirrors so arranged as to give you the willies, and you can't get out. The cyclone cellar is some cellar. When you get in there the lights go out and the wind takes away your breath and your hat. The floor rolls away from you, the thunder roars and the wind shrieks. Then you are banged up against the side of the wall and emerge entirely unhurt.

But look out for the labyrinth. It doesn't cost anything to get in—no, it doesn't cost anything to get out. That isn't the point. Of course, you yourself won't be caught, but just give the tip to your friends. Once you get in you keep on going. There is no turning back. You go right along the road and find yourself in a barn. You have to climb the stairs, and you get away in the cupola before you see the exit. It's down a toboggan. It's nicely waxed. There's no little boats or anything like that. It's just up to you. It's slide, Kelly, slide. You're in for it and you might as well sit down. The best way you can, and say, "Here's how!"

You land in a big haystack on the ground. And whither, girls, wear your prettiest stockings, and—well, there's the tip, you know what to wear. There's no nails on the sliding board. But in front of that haystack is going to be a favorite lounging place for idlers. Then there is the Hall of Fame, handcars to work for yourselves, and there's the Nut House for "nuts." The bat cave will be found at the Coney Island police station.

And oh, look! Here's the "Flyers." What is it? Well, it's a kind of aerial merry-go-round. From heavy steel girders steel cables are strung, and attached to them are umbrellas, to the handles of which are attached boun's chairs. You can sit in them with Jimmy, or you can have a chair all by your lonesome. It doesn't make any difference after the start. You can't fall out of the chair because you're strapped in.

CHANCE TO SMASH THINGS, THREE FOR FIVE.

The umbrellas way in and out with the wind created by the flying sails. Then they go faster and faster and the umbrellas open up, just like a parachute in a descent from a balloon. The sensation, it is said, is for all the world like a parachute descent. Is that clear? The parachute opens out as the wind gets under it. But don't scream, girls. Just hold on to your skirts. Awk!

One of the latest productions of brain storm on Surf avenue is the Kariton Krazy Kitchen. "If you don't want to break up your own house, break up ours," the sign tells you. On shelves, arranged like a kitchen pantry, are piled plates, cups, saucers, dishes, pitchers and all kinds of crockery. Bowls and pitcher hang on gas jets. There's a cop with a bowl on his head and another fellow with something else equally perishable. You get three wooden balls for a nickel, and pelt them at the plates, dishes and bowls. Sometimes you miss. The operator wears a baseball mask.

This is one of the most appealing of the many spilling sideways. You can go as far as you like, smash all the crockery you want. Take three more balls for a nickel, and then three more if you like. It's great sport for the kiddies, boys and girls alike, and usually, they smash something. Mothers think it is a fine thing, for it appeases the energy of the kids and they don't want to smash things at home. The

News Oddities

DELLAH could now get a job in Brooklyn.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW has been swindled out of \$2,625 by a London sharper. Apparently George Bernard isn't the cleverest man in London after all.

SARAH BERNHARDT obligingly permitted a "Votes for Women" badge to be pinned on her fur cloak and now the enthusiasts proudly proclaim that Sarah is a Suff.

INQUIRER—No, the codification bill just signed by Gov. Sulzer does not relate to the State fisheries.

MOTHERS' CLUB of Fort Wayne, Ind., has started a movement toward a uniform dress to be worn by all school girls, to end rivalry and discontent of the poor children.

WOMAN of ninety-three won a twenty-mile automobile race in Delmont, Pa.

MYSTIC SHRINERS of California have gone on a pilgrimage to Dallas, Tex., in a special train, carrying half a carload of oranges, 10,000 packages of raisins, 10,000 packages of figs and 100 cases of wine to be given away en route.

WISCONSIN ASSEMBLYMAN resigns because the Legislature passed "fool" laws.

BERLIN COURT rules that a betrothal is not a binding contract to marry, but merely a mutual promise.

MECHANIC'S LIEN has been placed on the house of John D. Rockefeller Jr. In this case it doesn't mean that he cannot pay his bills, but that a sub-contractor has failed to meet his obligations.

LAWYER in Milwaukee who secured release of a forger from prison discovered that the check given him in payment was a forgery.

MOCKING BIRDS in Venice, Cal., must not sing between 2 and 7 A. M., reads a curfew order just issued.

SNAIL RACES over an eighteen-inch course, a head of lettuce at the goal to attract them, enlivened the last voyage from Havre of the France. Record time made was three hours.

DEFEATED in a local election for a minor office, Buffalo candidate killed himself.

police think it's a beautiful thing. When closing up time comes at Coney, there are always some who never know when to go home. They want to break up furniture and hear the crash of glass. Well, there they are. Smash away! The police believe that the new game is going to be a peacemaker in the great pleasure ground of the people.

Two weeks ago there was only one of these crazy kitchens. Now there are at least half a dozen, and more to come. It's been the hit of the half started season, thus far, and the Bowersy is lined with them.

The Steeplechase is going in all its glory, and active operations begin to-night. The Tunnels of Love are there to be traversed again, and Jackman's Thriller still thrills. A new stunt on the Bowersy is the Movies shooting gallery. They give you fifteen shots for a quarter, and turn loose a rabbit, a tiger or a lion. Then you can pop away at one of them to your heart's delight. Just think of shooting a running rabbit, a tiger in full chase, or a lion ready to bolt you! Why go to Africa? Every shot you make is recorded automatically.

The barkers are honing their voices, getting ready for the fray. The cry of "red hot!" is heard even now. There are movies, the booze bazaars; the tra-la-la-de pavilions have been oiled. There is the beer and hot dog, and there'll be a hot time at Coney to-night—just a try-out, an eye-opener for the season, but watch them glide!

So Very Tired

Do you tire easily? If you do, don't try to brace up on liquor or some patent medicine that will produce the same effect. What you want is more strength, more vitality. You need a food medicine.

Father John's Medicine is a food medicine. Its ingredients are nourishing and strengthening. Nothing equals it as a tonic and body builder. It contains no alcohol or injurious drugs. Get a bottle to-day. Not a patent medicine.

SUNDAY WORLD WANTS WORK MONDAY WONDERS.

VETERAN COMPOSITOR IS KILLED BY EXPRESS WAGON.

Anthony Deering, on The World for Twenty Years, Dies Without Regaining Consciousness.

Anthony F. Deering, fifty years old, of No. 127 West Ninety-sixth street, a compositor in the employ of The World for more than twenty years, was run down by an Adams Express wagon at Forty-third street and Ninth avenue, late yesterday afternoon. He died without regaining consciousness in the Polyclinic Hospital a few minutes later. The body was removed to the home of Anthony Donoghue, a nephew, at No. 406 West Forty-third street.

Martin Sheridan of No. 442 West Fifty-sixth street, the driver of the wagon, was not arrested. Eye-witnesses told the police that Mr. Deering, who was crossing Forty-third street from the

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4 What it has meant to the man downtown, And "Watching The Newest Wonder Worker," an interesting account of telepathic experiments. See Metropolitan Section.

Words and Music of "That Opera Rag," a Song Masterpiece that Is Bound to Create a Sensation in Musical Circles. Every One Should Sing It and Every Piano Should Play It.

With Every Copy of Sunday World To-Morrow